

# \* Cupid's Courtesie:

OR, THE

Young Gallant Foil'd at his own Weapon.

~~He scorned Cupid and his Dart, Until he felt a wounded Heart.~~

~~To a most pleasant Northern Tune, &c.~~



**T**Hro' the cool shady Woods,  
As I was ranging,  
I heard the pretty Birds,  
Notes sweetly changing;  
Down by a Meadow side,  
There runs a River,  
A little Boy I esp'd,  
With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy, tell me why  
Thou art hear ~~dissembling~~ *lying*?  
Art thou some Run-away,  
And hast no 'biding?  
I am no Run-away,  
Venus my Mother,  
She gave me leave to play,  
when I came hither.

Little Boy, go with me,  
And be my Servant,  
I will take care to see  
For thy preferment.  
If I with thee should go,  
Venus would chide me,  
And take away my Bow,  
And ne'r abide me.

Little Boy, let me know  
What's thy Name termed,  
That thou dost wear a Bow,  
And goest so armed?  
You may perceive the same,  
With often changing,  
Cupid, it is my Name,  
I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy Name,  
That shoots at Rovers,  
I have heard of thy Fame,  
By wounded Lovers:  
Should any languish that,  
Are set on Fire,  
By such a naked Brat,  
I much admire.  
If thou dost but the least,  
At my Laws grumble,  
I'll pierce thy stubborn Breast,  
And make thee humble:  
If I with golden Dart  
Wound thee but surely,  
There's no Physician's Art,  
That e'er can cure thee.  
Little Boy with thy Bow,  
Why dost thou threaten?  
It is not long ago,  
Since thou was beaten.  
Thy wanton Mother fair,  
*Venus*, will chide thee;  
When all thy Arrows are gone,  
Thou may'st go hide thee.  
Of powerful Shafts you see,  
I am well stored,  
Which makes my Deity  
So much adored:  
With one poor Arrow now,  
I'll make thee shiver,  
And bend unto my Bow,  
And fear my Quiver:  
Dear little *Cupid*, be  
Courteous and kindly,  
I know thou canst not hit,  
But shootest blindly.  
Although thou call'st me blind,  
Surely I'll hit thee,  
That thou shalt quickly find,  
I'll not forget thee.

Then little *Cupid* caught  
His bow so nimble,  
And shot a fatal Shaft,  
Which made him tremble:  
Go tell thy Mistress dear,  
Thou canst discover,  
What all the Passions are  
Of a dying Lover.  
And now his gallant Heart,  
Sorely was bleeding,  
And felt the greatest Smart,  
From love proceeding:  
He did her help implore,  
Whom he affected;  
But found that more and more  
Him she rejected.  
For *Cupid* with his Craft,  
quickly had chosen,  
And with a leaden Shaft,  
Her Heart had trozen;  
Which caus'd this Lover more  
Sadly to languish,  
And *Cupid's* Aid implore,  
To heal his Anguish.  
He humbly pardon crav'd  
For his Offence past,  
And vow'd himself a Slave,  
And to love stedfast:  
His Prayers so ardent were,  
While his Heart panted,  
That *Cupid* lent an Ear,  
And his Suit granted.  
For by his present Plaine,  
He was regarded:  
And his adored Saint,  
His Love rewarded:  
And now they live in Joy,  
Sweetly embracing,  
And left the little Boy  
In the Wood chasing.